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The Independent

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Uncle James' Victory

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

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Uncle James helped himself to another portion of the very appetizing roast chicken before him.

"It's a light and agree with me when properly cooked like this," he observed, with the delightful confidence most people have that their individual tastes are unfailingly interesting to everyone. "My present cook understands meats to perfection."

"The boy generally referred to by the ladies of his acquaintance as 'really a lovely fellow,' made haste to agree with his uncle's estimate. In reality he could not have told you whether he was eating chicken or ham sandwich, his mind being absorbed by thoughts of momentous importance, all connected with one problem. This problem, no easy one to solve, was how to approach Uncle James in such a way as to incline his heart toward the lady of the boy's choice.

"For the boy was nearly twenty-four, and in his mature judgment Helen Vanderveer was the perfection of feminine beauty. But Uncle James had a disagreeable way of harping on usefulness and ignoring beauty altogether. Helen belonged to what New York calls her 'smart set,' and the boy had his doubts as to Uncle James' opinion of his choice.

"You're not eating," growled his uncle. "You've got something on your mind, or what you call your mind," he added, with the charming frankness of near relatives.

"Helen Vanderveer," blurted the boy, his nervousness in this crisis scattering his dipped fork to the winds.

Uncle James laid down his fork as hastily as though the tender pullet had been a sitting hen.

"Helen Vanderveer," he shouted. "Are you going to marry into that set of raffish idiots after all I've said to you?"

"If I can get your approval," said the boy meekly. Let no one think the worse of him for his humility. He was

was as simple as standing an egg on end, but it created a revolution in the manufacture of tin foil for tobaccoists' use and made a mint of money for the discoverer.

Butler Took the Case.

An old gentleman, a native of Wakefield, Mass., tells this story of Ben Butler:

"I had an important law case on, and I felt no one could win that case for me but Ben Butler. He was in Washington at the time. I went to Washington and after hard scrambling for two days got an audience with him. He said he wouldn't take my case for \$1,000 a day. He had more work on his hands now he could attend to, and he went about his work right then."

"General," I said, "I was born in the same town with you."

"He grunted, but wasn't otherwise affected that I could see."

"Do you remember little Miss —?" And you remember the boy who used to scold me to her and the boy who used to take them? I am the boy who took the notes."

"And I am the boy who sent them," said the general. He held out his hand. "I guess I'll take your case after all," he said, and he did and won it."

Poor Place For Thieves.

Bermuda is not accustomed to thieves. No experienced Bermudian will enter the profession of pilfering, at least of taking things that cannot be immediately eaten. For what can be done with them? If any property is taken the officers of the law have only to watch the steamship docks. The stuff cannot be disposed of on the islands. They are too small, and everybody knows everybody.

It is a Bermudian legend that once a bicycle was stolen. It was the talk of the town. The next ensuing problem of the thief was how to get a good job of it. He did not dare use it; he could not sell it out of the country. What he finally gave up was proved when six months later a fisherman brought up the missing wheel from fairly deep water upon his hook.

Wild Parrots.

Parrots when in their native wilds live in flocks and guard themselves by a complete police system which enables them to marshal their collective force quickly when any animal or bird attacks one of their number.

They seem to be disciplined and trained in fighting together, and all other birds and animals are afraid to attack a parrot unless the bird can be caught by a man. When a shrill call summons the parrot army to the rescue.

It is said that in the forests all parrots die of old age and that none is ever killed by birds of prey or other wild animals.

Story and Everett.

Chief Justice Story attended a public dinner in Boston at which Edward Everett was present. Desiring to pay a delicate compliment to the latter, the learned judge proposed as a volunteer toast:

"Ere follows meritorious Everett goes."

The brilliant scholar arose and responded:

"To whatever heights judicial learning may attain in this country, it will never get above one Story."

Exercise For Both.

"Does your wife go for athletics?" "Yes, yes, in a way. She went out yesterday to take the scales and she was going to walk up a long hill."

"And did she?"

"No; she got into the dry goods district and ran up a long bill instead. You can easily see that I am the one who was exercised."—Kansas City Journal.

Answered.

I heard a four-year-old the other day about a matrimonial agency. An elderly man had three daughters who ruled him with a rod of iron. Weary of their tyranny, he advertised in a paper for a wife. Next day he received three replies—one from each of the daughters.—Exchange.

Wanted Effort.

Some people spend a good deal of time figuring on what they would do if they were rich, or if they were famous. That is the reason they have not got an immense amount of money.—Aitchison Globe.

Domestic Repartee.

The wife, during a quarrel, told the villain in the play is always a man.

The husband—Yes, and it is always a woman who makes him one.

Worth His Weight In Gold.

The maharajah of Travancore was, on one occasion at least, worth his weight in gold, for he was weighed against a pure mass of the king of metals, and the scales were balanced. The mass of gold was distributed in charity. This custom, called "Tulabhara," is one of great antiquity and is said to be traceable in Travancore to the fourth century. It is not unknown in other parts of India. Though, of course, gold is only used in the case of wealthy persons, humbler folk being content to weigh themselves against spices or grain. On the occasion mentioned the maharajah weighed a little over nine stone. The Brahmins, it is said, wished to defer the ceremony in the hope that the maharajah might more nearly approach the weight of his father, who did not undergo the rite until forty-seven years old, when he weighed four stone and three-quarter stone.—Golden Penny.

It Was All Arranged.

A London barrister used to tell of an instance that occurred in his own experience of trial by jury in Wales. A well known local collector named Garnons was concerned in a case. While counsel was addressing the jury the members quietly turned from him, put their hands together, and then the foreman addressed the judge. "It's no use, my lord, for the gentleman in the wig to talk any more, as we agreed in the Blue Lion last night to vote for Mr. Garnons of Rhylgwyn."

Writes and Draws.

Kippax—And who is your favorite author, Mrs. Softy?

Mrs. Softy—My husband.

Kippax—Pardon me. I didn't know he wrote.

Mrs. Softy—Oh, but he does, and so nicely—check!—Town and Country.

THE PERPLEXING INITIAL

By CHARLES SLOAN REID

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The roar of the river as its waters tumbled over the rocks drowned the sound of footsteps, dragged even the rustle of the breeze among the tree tops. A dense shadow lay over the gorge, for the sun was behind a cloud.

The fish in the stream had not been biting to suit a young fisher woman, and she had thrust her pole into the bank and gone aside to carve some thing in the bark of an old beech. Laboriously she worked away and at length had completed a single large A.

A man approached along the river trail and stood directly behind the girl, watching her work. A flush passed over his face when he saw the letter the girl had carved, and he frowned. Then he coughed, and the girl was startled. She turned quickly around.

"You, Amos?" she exclaimed.

"No, Marth," was the answer.

"Why didn't you whistle or something 'fore ye got so close?"

"I wanted to see what ye'd do," Marth's face reddened slightly.

"Well?"

"Well, I see ye've got that school-teacher in yer mind."

"Tain't so. Now, I wonder what put that in yer head?"

"I see ye're fixin' to carve his name."

Marth looked up at the letter in the bark, then looked at Amos in silence.

"Don't reckon ye can hardly deny it," continued Amos jealously, "for I don't reckon ye could say that letter stood for anybody else around these parts but Aldrich; so I put it up ye're a-thinkin' a right smart about that same school-teacher."

"Amos Underwood, ye haven't got a grain of sense. Ye can't see two inches afore yer nose." Marth's eyes were dancing.

"I reckon ye think so, Marth. But I think I know what she's doin' when she carves chap's name on a tree. Marth, I think ye might have spared me this kind of thing, an' me thinkin' of ye the way I do. Ye might have waited till I was 'till somethin' had happened to me. Then I'd ailers thought ye loved me."

Marth glanced again at the letter in the bark, then back at Amos, and looked disgusted.

"I never said I was a-thinkin' one mite about the school-teacher, have I?"

"Not with yer mouth, but ye've said it up there with yer pocket knife."

Amos pointed at the big letter in the bark.

Marth turned a steady gaze, full of fire, upon the man's face for a moment, then let her words fly.

"Amos Underwood," she snapped, "ye're the biggest gump I ever saw. I hate ye. I despise ye. Now, ye go. And I do hope the revenues will get ye this very night."

"Marth, I—" Amos had taken off his hat.

"No ye don't!" Marth stamped her foot. "Ye've said enough. Go!"

She pointed up the trail, and Amos moved slowly away.

Marth had wound up her fish line by the time Amos had gone from view, and she turned toward the old beech again.

"The crazy," she murmured. "He couldn't remember his own name started with A. Well, he's gone, and I'm glad of it. I do hate a man that can't see with his eyes open."

The girl followed the trail to the top of the ridge, then turned off to the left and went toward a cabin on the side of the mountain.

As the afternoon dragged along

something to disgrace his name in the States, and he feels that he can never go back. We have a thousand more like him. Two or three times the proffered reward brought about his betrayal for men he had led to victory through forest and swamp, but he escaped falling into the hands of the enemy until the cause of freedom was almost won.

A thousand Spanish soldiers had crossed the famous trocha to beat the forests. Garcia had planned their destruction and gathered reinforcements from every quarter.

In the gray of the morning the Man From New York led thirty men against the flank of the thousand to produce a diversion, and for a time the thousand were thrown into a panic and suffered great loss. Then the Cuban general's plans went wrong, and the enemy were allowed to get apart from the regiment swung about and attacked the thirty. The thirty soon became only twenty-five, then twenty, then ten. Then the ten surrendered. The Man From New York stormed and waved and entreated. He urged them in one breath and entreated in another, but the ten had had enough fighting.

"So it is you!" exclaimed the Spanish colonel when the leader of the ten had bowed to the inevitable. "I would rather have captured you than Garcia himself. You shall die in the streets of Havana after the governor general and the people have had a good look at you. As for the others, let four be taken out and shot at once. We'll decide the fate of the others later on."

The five were confined in a snarl mill for the rest of the day and night, and the Spaniards rejoiced as over a great victory. For a time the Man From New York stood apart from the others and did not enter into their hopes and fears. Then a Cuban sergeant, a Cuban who had lived in Boston for years, but had made his way back to his native land to give his life for liberty, crossed over to him and said:

"They may spare us, senor, as we are Cubans, but your death is certain."

"Only a matter of a couple of days," was the reply.

"We have known you, and yet we have not known you well," continued the sergeant. "You have a name; you have friends in the States; you want to send a last message to some one."

"I have no name, no home, no friends," replied the lieutenant after a moment. "There is no one to whom I would send a message. If any one thinks of me it is with contempt."

"A mother?" softly queried the sergeant.

"Yes, but no message."

"A girl, a sweetheart?"

The lieutenant shook his head, and the sergeant drew away a pace and sighed. Presently he whispered:

"Senor, we have been proud of you. You have been a devil in battle. You have made your mark, and you have got to die because of it. We wish to remember you as a fighter."

"Don't worry, my man," said the officer as he laid a hand on the other's arm. "I see your drift. You don't want to think of me as standing blindfolded against a wall to be shot at. Well, that shall never happen. Leave me alone now and wait for the morning."

An hour later the officer was put into a room by himself and told that he had been pardoned and that he was to be sent back to his home in Havana under escort. He was awake and alert at daylight. When the corporal's guard came to lead him forth he fought his last and greatest fight. The Spanish soldiers told of it to the last day of their occupation of Cuba. When at last he killed his enemies stood around the dead body and removed their hats in respect. "Two dead and three wounded" was the corporal's report.

One morning last month a daily paper raked up the old case of detention in connection with another affair and closed by saying, "As far as we can learn the police have never secured a clew to the defaulter's whereabouts."

A Comical Situation.

In a volume of war reminiscences Major Stiles, a Confederate soldier, tells this story of the retreat from Richmond just before Lee's surrender at Appomattox: "I remember in all the confusion and wretchedness of the retreat we had been no little amused by the naval battalion under that old hero Admiral Tucker. The soldiers called them the 'Aye, Ayes,' because they responded 'Aye, aye!' to every order, something repeating the order itself and adding, 'Aye, aye, it is, sir.' At this battalion, which followed immediately after ours, was getting into position and seamen's and landmen's jargon and movements were getting a good deal mixed in the orders and evolutions, all being harmonized, however, and licked into shape by the 'aye, aye,' a young officer of the division staff rode up, saluted Admiral Tucker and said, 'Admiral, I may possibly be of assistance to you in getting your command into line.' The admiral replied, 'Young man, I understand how to talk to my people.' And thereupon followed 'a grand moral combination' of 'right flank' and 'left flank,' 'starboard' and 'larboard,' 'aye, aye,' and 'aye, aye,' until the battalion gradually settled down into place."

The Club Among Savages.

The club, or mace, was probably the first, as it is the most universal, weapon, and every nation would seem to have some form peculiar to itself. The Moors spent years of labor in grinding to shape his battle-axe-like "mace" out of jade or greenstone. The New Britain savages make a hole through a granite pebble by dropping water on it while hot and thus forms the head of his club. The Fijian found ready to his hand a tree whose evenly radiating roots he trimmed into an exact likeness of the medieval "morgenstern," wherewith the Swiss battered down the Austrian ranks at Sempach.

The mace of the Persian horseman was of steel, with a head formed of six or more radiating blades or ridges, and had often a basket like a

THE MAN FROM NEW YORK

By JAMES NORFLEET

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It was by no means an unusual item in the morning papers. It consisted of less than twenty lines and was to the effect that the cashier and confidential man of the B. and O. Broadway, had been missing for two or three days, and that upon examination it had been found that he was short \$15,000 in his accounts. The usual explanation was put forward—the races, the stock market and an uptown apartment—and it was added that the police were on the defaulter's trail.

A Cuban who wandered down to the north shore of his island one morning soon after daylight for a dip in the surf came across a sight which startled him and sent him running back to his sleeping comrades among the trees.

It was a man from New York.

He fought his last and greatest fight. There was a battered old skiff on the sands, and a few feet from it lay a man asleep.

"Caramba! Wake up! Wake up!" said one of the half dozen Cubans who came down and surrounded the sleeper and wondered who and what he was.

"Well?" asked the man as he rubbed his eyes and sat up.

"Who are you?"

"You can call me the Man From New York."

"How did you get here?"

The man pointed to the old boat and rose to his feet to yawn and stretch.

"What do you want here?" continued the questioner.

"Take me to General Garcia. I guess he always wants recruits, and I am ready to join."

That was the introduction of the Man From New York. He gave no name and no information about himself. He simply said he was ready to fight for the cause, and he was assigned to the ranks and given arms.

The man pointed to the island and said: "I am a sergeant; after the second, a lieutenant. He was a cool, fearless fighter and an acquisition. No questions were asked of him by the Cubans. He was one of a hundred Americans who had found their way to the island to take a hand in the revolution. Among them were, however, they said:

"He is a fighter—too much of a fighter. He must be his desire to get killed. He came to us because he had done

How He Got the Vote.

A story is related of an ambitious gentleman who, rather unwisely, stood as a candidate for some office and who at the close of the poll was found to have received only one vote. The candidate was excessively mortified, and, to increase his chagrin, his neighbors talked as if it were a matter of course that he had given that one vote himself. This annoyed him so much that he offered a two and a half guinea suit of clothes to his only supporter if the individual would come forward and declare himself.

An Irishman responded to his appeal, proved his claim and called for the reward.

"How did it happen?" inquired the candidate, taken quite by surprise—"how did it happen that you voted for me?"

The Irishman hesitated, but on being pressed he answered:

"If I tell ye, ye won't go back on the suit of clothes?"

"Oh, no. I promise that you shall have the suit anyhow."

"Faix, then, yer 'anner," replied Pat, "since O! made a mistake in the ballot paper."

Robbers Among the Bees.

To the person who knows nothing about bees they represent the supreme type of industry. But even the bee communities are disturbed by those of their own kind who break through and steal. Robbers are always a source of anxiety to beekeepers, and during fall and winter the marauders seem particularly active. Having gathered no honey, or, at any rate, an insufficient supply for themselves, they will descend upon a hive, kill its industrious occupants and carry off the golden treasure in an astonishingly short space of time. We know of a recent instance in which the attack was developed and the home bees killed in a couple of hours. Sometimes hives will attack neighboring hives. In such cases the old straw "skiff" was better than the modern arrangement, for a knife thrust through the top would break the comb and set the honey free, at which the thieves would instantly return to seal up their own stores. It is not primary in their industry that bees are human.—London Chronicle.

When Monte-Christo Went Down.

One day I worked like a Trojan, only stopping at 7 p. m. to snatch a bite. At last at 8:15 p. m. the curtain went up on the first act, and the show was on. Everything ran remarkably well until the scene of the escape from the prison. In this climax Monte-Christo is thrown in the surging sea, seen up in a bag. As he strikes the water he cuts the bag open and, climbing up on a rock, the stage lightning flashing about him, cries out before the storm. "The world is mine, the treasure of Monte-Christo!" while the spray of the ocean dashes over him.

Right here was where I struck a snag. It was the duty of the property man to create this spray by throwing handfuls of rock salt out from the wings over the shoulders of Monte-Christo. That night the stage manager gave me a pall of salt and told me to throw it over the hero the moment he mounted the rock, so as the curtain went up. I stood, pall in hand, in readiness. Monte-Christo made his appearance, and at the stage manager's signal I let the salt go—not a handful, but the entire pall. Full in the actor's face it struck, and straightway from the rock he tumbled, while the curtain descended amid roars of laughter.—Leslie's Monthly.

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THE BEVERAGE OF PARAGUAY.

Maté, the national beverage of Paraguay, is brewed from the dried leaves of the flex and does not intoxicate. Maté can be drunk hot or cold, it can be taken with cream and sugar, like tea or coffee, and it can be used "straight," as the natives say, or with the best way of drinking it. Paraguan mate is quite bitter, and, like beer, it is an acquired taste. The first sip gives a distinctly bitter taste, and the drinker sets down his glass with a wry face. Presently, as soon as the bitter effect wears off, the imbiber has a pleasant recollection of the sensation. By this time the powerful stimulating property of the drink has begun to work and the drinker feels like taking another sip. Maté makes the user of it "feel good," makes him look with a brighter eye on the dark side of life, makes him forget his troubles for the moment, and, best of all, unlike beer, it makes him feel like working or doing something with his brain or his hands instead of loafing or gossiping.

Chemists who have carefully analyzed maté say that it is perfectly harmless. It has only the smallest percentage of caffeine and volatile oils, and it never leaves a bad after effect. Even when the imbiber has a disordered stomach or bad nerves the consumption of maté is not followed by unpleasant feelings.

Solving a Great Problem.

Some years ago a tobaccoist discovered the utility of tin foil for wrapping tobacco. Therefore paper had been exclusively used for the purpose, but it did not serve to keep the moisture of the atmosphere away from the tobacco nor preserve the natural moisture of the tobacco from the effects of a dry atmosphere. Paper also had absorbed the aroma of the weed and was not sufficiently lasting; therefore tin foil was used for wrappers. But it became costly and could only be rolled to a certain thickness, beyond which the ingenuity of man seemed to find it impossible to do. The fact was that no rollers could be made to sustain the pressure necessary to mashing the tin foil to a leaf sufficiently thin to suit the manufacturer.

Ingenuous inventors struggled with the proposition for months and gave up the problem as unsolvable, when a simple workman about the shop one day, after rolling two sheets to the customary thickness, put the two sheets together into the rollers and made both half as thin as they were before. This

SPRINGING THROUGH THE OPENING, SEE CALLED HIS NAME.

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THE BEVERAGE OF PARAGUAY.

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Solving a Great Problem.

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THE INDEPENDENT

Published Every Thursday.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1904.

THE INDEPENDENT means to cast no reflection upon Mr. Landis in unhesitatingly expressing the conviction that Dr. Schaeffer, the head of the Department of Education at Harrisburg, disappointed two hundred and ten School Directors and about three-fourths of the public school instructors (directly concerned) of Montgomery county, when he appointed Mr. Landis to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Superintendent R. F. Hoffecker. It seems to be apparent that Dr. Schaeffer's action was not due either to a careful comparison of the relative educational fitness of the two leading candidates, or the numerical preponderance of the Directors who favored Mr. Wagner, since Mr. Landis was endorsed by only 128 Directors, but that it was determined by the power of Republican politics as personified in Montgomery county and at Harrisburg? We mistake both the temper and the intelligence of the two hundred and ten School Directors who signed Mr. Wagner's petition if they will indefinitely submit to the subjugation of the educational work of our public schools to the low level of arbitrary partisan political action. Mr. Wagner and his supporters should have been granted an opportunity for a hearing at Harrisburg, the same as was accorded to Mr. Landis and his supporters. This was not done because the political pressure was insistent upon promptness in making the appointment! Think of it, Directors of Montgomery county. If any one among you had even a humble position to be filled—would you treat your applicants in such manner? Would you simply look for suitable politics and then shut the other applicant out? Dr. Schaeffer's recent action does not by any manner of means comport with the spirit of the fundamental principle of free and popular education as embodied in the free school system of the Keystone State. We do not censure him, particularly, for his action, for he holds his present position by the grace of the political powers that be, but we unqualifiedly condemn the partisan politics that dictated the appointment of a County Superintendent with such manifest cold-blooded and palpable injustice. The smothering of the expressed wish of a large majority of the School Directors involved in the contest was an unmanly and utterly reprehensible transaction—a consummation of selfish political quackery that must inflict disgrace and reproach upon the cause of popular education in Montgomery county. The boys and girls of our schools could have done better, with half a chance, and, what a shameful example of contemptible unmanliness and unfairness on the part of full-grown men of education and experience is held up before them! Education has been blatantly mocked in her temple and among her high priests in response to the dictation of violent partisans! If there does not come a day of reckoning, then will such mockery become permanent fraud in the temple!

DURING the past year there were 8,976 murders and homicides in this country. Legal executions: 115. Lynchings, 104. What a commentary upon the imbecility of law in the matter of punishing crime.

THE Presidents of the leading trotting associations of the United States have decided, with sound horse sense, that until the modern record-breaking trotters shall go a mile better than 2:08½ under the same conditions that prevailed when Maud S. in 1885 went 5280 feet in 2:08½, the record of Maud S. must stand. That's right.

HENCEFORTH the title of the double copper-bottomed journalistic bark of Democracy, of Boyertown, will be known as The Berks County Democrat, thus obliterating the Boyertown end of the old name of Editor Spatz's sprightly publication. Taking in the whole county of Berks, and aiming to promulgate the gospel of his political faith to all the people of his bailiwick, is a great scheme on the part of Editor Spatz, and worthy of the brain that evolved it, and we see him now up in the band wagon, wearing a plume and a broad smile.

JUSTICE HARLAN, of the United States Supreme Court, in a lecture delivered before the law students of Columbia University, used the following remarkable warning language in referring to the Federal Constitution: "Let us hope that this great instrument, which has served so well, will weather the storms which the ambitions of certain men are creating in an effort to make this country a World Power." The hope as expressed by the eminent jurist is devoutly entertained by many thousands of his fellow countrymen.

A BILL has been introduced by Senator Penrose, in the Senate, providing for an additional Judge of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. Should the bill become a law, United States District-Attorney James B. Holland will doubtless be recommended to President Roosevelt by Senators Quay and Penrose as a suitable person to fill the new Judicial position. Mr. Holland's host of political and personal friends will rejoice at any time to hear of his further promotion in public life. In such event they will also enquire: Who will take the place of the astute leader in Republican politics in Montgomery county?

WE admire the literary genius and the honesty of purpose of William Jennings Bryan. He is a brilliant man. Notwithstanding this fact, his erratic and impracticable ideas in relation to the currency question did more harm to his country than a thousand men can atone for in a quarter of a century. The true principles of Democracy have been more or less submerged for the past eight years, on account of Bryanism, and "do about as we please without danger," has been the dictum current in the party that holds the reins of the national government. The sooner the Democrats of the country get together on a rational working basis, with or without Mr. Bryan, the better it will be for the country. Mr. Bryan has well illustrated how a great man and a good man may be capable of doing a tremendous amount of injury to those whom he most desires to serve!

Is there anything else under the sun, or in the infinity of space, that Conshohocken would like to have? If so, let the fiat go forth!

EX-PRESIDENT and MRS. CLEVELAND recently sustained a great loss when their eldest daughter, Ruth, died, and expressions of sympathy have been extended to them from almost every section of the United States.

THE war clouds seem to be lowering in the far East and the indications of a conflict between Japan and Russia are rather decided in character. If war must come, the progress of enlightened civilization will be enhanced by the defeat of Russia.

WE observe that considerable "hot air" has been in circulation recently on account of a proposition to annex Delaware and Montgomery counties to Philadelphia. That's a proposition that is hardly worth talking or writing about now; for it is not likely to materialize during the present century.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 8, 1903.

On the 5th inst., before a crowded Senate, Senator Lodge of Massa., made a long and rather technical speech defending the President's action in connection with Panama. He spent much time and cited many authorities, from international law, from the dicta of former secretaries of state, and from decisions of the Supreme Court, to sustain the proposition, that it is the function of the Executive, as provided for in the Constitution, to receive ministers from other countries and by so doing recognize the de facto government. When this is to be done is a mere matter of state policy, and the President is to decide. Mr. Lodge said all the world knew a revolution was impending in Panama; he read about it while in London, and of course all this information flowed in upon the President, and he did not exceed his duty in taking prompt measures to protect American citizens and interests and prevent bloodshed. Only one man, said Mr. Lodge, was killed—"the unfortunate and inevitable Chinaman" who was struck by a Colombian shell while in his bed! This is not a party issue, he contended, and he charged his opponents with "hating the sinner and embracing the sin." Secretary Hay was eulogized; and the prediction made that future historians would give a high place to President Roosevelt for opening the gateway between the two oceans. He admitted that men from his section of the country—New England—opposed the Louisiana purchase, but said they were mistaken. When charged with inconsistency in voting for the Cuban resolution declaring the people of that island "free and independent," the Mass. Senator said that in his opinion it was a small matter whether a man was consistent or not.

The President's message of explanation and defense in reference to Panama was a very long document and gave a circumstantial account of what took place from his point of view. It was regarded by the Republicans as a complete vindication, but did not convince the Democrats. The gist of the whole matter is: Was there a revolution of the people of the department of Panama, and was there a government of any kind at the time independence was acknowledged by the President? The discussion of this question may continue a week or more before a vote is reached on the treaty. Not much new or important legislation is expected at this session of Congress. The usual appropriation bills will be passed, the Pension heading the list. The Panama treaty will be ratified with votes to spare; General Wood will receive his promotion; and the probabilities are that Reed Smoot, Senator from Utah, will be allowed to hold down his seat. Both parties are looking for issues which will give them political capital for the coming presidential campaign. Owing to the falling off of customs receipts and internal revenue, economy will be the watchword. The subjects of irrigation and pure food will receive some attention. It is possible that four new states may be admitted to the Union. A civil pension list is talked of, but has no chance at present. The status of Mormonism is likely to be discussed. Bills have been introduced to amend the emigration laws, for which there is pressing need; to create a bureau of good roads, which is sensible; to provide for promotions in the army as a reward for notable services; and to build a new palace for the departments of State and Commerce.

The unusually cold wave which swept over the country the first week in January covered Washington with a sheet of glare ice about an inch thick, which remained intact for a number of days. The result was new and picturesque: the broad avenues, the wide streets, and the parks became skating ponds, crowded with all conditions of men and women; safe walking was well nigh impossible, and in time the town was covered with ashes as if a small Mont Pelee eruption had taken place. The mercury reached zero, and there was much suffering among the poor.

The Chicago fire has called forth a resolution of deep sympathy from the House of Representatives, while the Senate has passed a resolution ordering the District Commissioners to inspect all places of amusement in Washington and report. A modern fire alarm system is to be installed in the White House at once and the employees of that mansion,

something like 150, are to be drilled as a fire brigade. There was a rumor that the President would do the drilling, but this is unlikely.

A Representative in Congress from Montana has opened the Chinese Question. He wants the government to build a wire fence along the Canadian boundary to keep the Chinese out! Of course the wires are to be kept alive with electricity.

Dr. Wiley, chemist, after feeding a number of young men for some months upon food prepared with salicylic acid, has abandoned the experiment for the present, since it has been demonstrated that such food seriously injures the health. One man claims that this peculiar food cured him of rheumatism. Food prepared with borax also proved to be unhealthy. "I feel as if my insides had been tanned with the stuff," was the way one of the subjects expressed it.

The very wise and optimistic Secretary of Agriculture says no panic is possible in this country so long as the farmer can produce good and salable crops. Our surplus crops sold abroad last year amounted to \$878,000,000. He adds that the State of Iowa alone sent sixty millions of dollars in 1903 to Canada to purchase grazing and farming lands. But panics have taken place without regard to the condition of the crops; there is little connection between them.

It is getting to be dangerous for a well preserved widow to show friendship for a prepossessing man considerably her junior, especially if she happens to be a rich countess. At least the Countess-Esther has been sued for \$100,000 damages by a woman who feels that the Countess has won her husband's affections. The Countess objected to taking the papers when they were served, but as they came with a lot of ostensible Christmas presents she yielded, protesting. She is a prominent society woman in Washington, and did not even know that her male friend was married.

GENERAL GORDON'S CHARMED LIFE.

At the recent Confederate reunion in New Orleans the hearts of the old soldiers were saddened by the statement of their comrade, Gen. John B. Gordon, that his health was failing and that he was about to wind up his career.

The wonderful part of it all is that he has survived until this day. It is almost miraculous that he should have passed through such an ordeal during the war between the States and come out with his life. In the June number of Scribner's Magazine Gen. Gordon has an article on "Antietam and Chancellorsville," in which he recalls the notable fact that in the former battle he was wounded no less than five times.

Gen. Gordon's troops held the most advanced position on that part of the field where they were stationed, and there was no supporting line behind them. He soon saw that a most desperate attempt would be made by the Federals to break the line at that point, and it was to be through sheer force. It was Gen. Gordon's business to prevent this, and so he gave orders that his men were not to fire until he should give the signal. The Federals came forward with unloaded guns, their purpose being to charge with bayonets and through their superior numbers break through. In spite of the impatience of his men Gen. Gordon waited until "they should see the whites of their enemies' eyes." When the Federals were almost upon him he ordered his men to fire, and his rifles rained and roared in the face of the Yankees like a blinding blaze of lightning, accompanied by the quick and deadly thunderbolt. It was impossible for any body of men to withstand this fire and the Federals withdrew, but only to renew the attack again and again, in the same way, and thus the battle waged furiously until sundown.

During this engagement General Gordon was shot five different times, twice through the leg, once through the arm, once through the shoulder, and finally through the face. In spite of four wounds, from all of which he was suffering and bleeding, he held his position at the front, giving his commands and rallying his men. At the last shot, however, he fell forward and lay unconscious with his face in his cap, and he thinks that he would have been smothered by the blood from this last wound "but for the act of some Yankee, who, as if to save my life, had at a previous hour during the battle shot a hole through my cap, as if to let the blood out." He was borne to the rear in an uncon-

scious condition and the surgeon despaired of his life. But General Gordon declared that he would not die, and a little later, when his devoted wife arrived, he greeted her in an affectionate, jocular way and assured her that he would get well. Thanks to her faithful watching and nursing he did get well, and was, by and by, after seven months, restored to his command.

It was no wonder that Gordon's men said and believed that he had a "charmed life." It is inconceivable that a man should have been shot five times during a single engagement and survived the shock; it is equally remarkable that a man who suffered so terribly from the enemies' bullets should have preserved his life and lived to a good old age.

Domestic Troubles.

It is exceptional to find a family where there are no domestic ruptures occasionally, but these can be lessened by having Dr. King's New Life Pills around. Much trouble they save by their great work in Stomach and Liver troubles. They not only relieve you, but cure. 25 cents, at J. W. Culbert's Drug Store.

A WONDERFUL SAVING.

The largest Methodist Church in Georgia, calculated to use over one hundred gallons of the usual kind of mixed paint in painting their church.

They used only 32 gallons of the Longman & Martin's Paint mixed with 24 gallons of linseed oil. Actual cost of paint made was less than \$1.20 per gallon.

Saved over eighty (\$80.00) dollars in paint, and got a big satisfaction besides.

EVERY CHURCH will be given a liberal quantity whenever they paint. Many houses are well painted with four gallons of L. & M. and three gallons of linseed oil mixed therewith. Wears and covers like gold. These Celebrated Paints are sold by H. H. ROBISON, Collegeville, Pa.

SPECIALISTS FAILED; CAL-CURA SUCCEEDED.

Cured By One Bottle of That Wonderful New Medicine, Cal-cura Solvent. Your Money Back If It Does Not Cure. MATTEWAN, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1902. Gentlemen: My case is so remarkable that I want to tell you all about it. I suffered from bladder trouble for about 25 years, and had tried all the doctors about here, and also two specialists in New York, without getting any help. Last August I bought a bottle of Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. Kennedy's new medicine. I had not been able to work at my trade (boiler making) for some time, but after taking one bottle of Cal-cura Solvent, I began work and have been working ever since. Yours truly, MARTIN FULLER. If your druggist does not have Cal-cura Solvent, write to the Cal-cura Company, Rondout, N. Y.; but ask your druggist first. \$1.00 a bottle. Only one size. Guarantee: Your druggist will return your money if Cal-cura fails to cure, and the Cal-cura Company will pay the druggist. Remember, Cal-cura Solvent cures 98% of all cases of Kidney, Bladder and Liver disorders.

Great Reduction Sale.

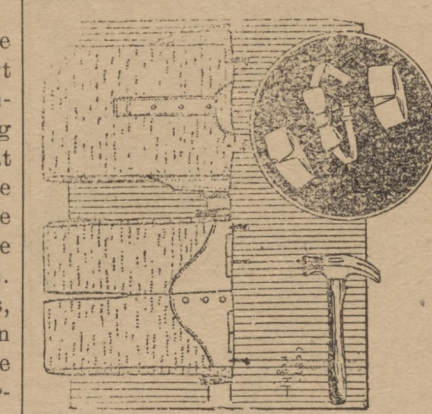
THIS TIME Umbrella Stands, Jardeniers, Pedestals. at one-third to one-half off.

Many of these are the imported kind. They were purchased for our great holiday trade. The few left overs are yours at less than cost.

PARLOR LAMPS.

There are 11 of the most desirable ones left. These are included in the above reduction. Watch our Jewelry window for bargains.

G. LANZ, JEWELER AND OPTICIAN, 211 DEKALB STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.



BETTER NAIL A SUIT of this winter underwear while the price stands at 75c. The sheep from whose back the wool came would feel ashamed that his coat brought no higher price than this.

The excellent quality, fit and finish of this UNDERWEAR is unsurpassed. The garments are from one of the best mills in the country and usually sell at double these prices. All wool, \$1.50; wool and cotton, 75c; heavy fleeced lined, 50c.

MRS. FRANCES BARRETT, Main St. COLLEGEVILLE.

JEWELRY

YOU CAN RELY ON. Nothing but articles and gems of artistic merit and value enter this stock.

Everything speaks of the "exclusive" except the prices. They mean a saving of three or more in comparison of jewelry of similar grade elsewhere.

SOLID GOLD RINGS with diamond settings, \$3.50 up.

SOLID GOLD CUP BUTTONS, \$2.50 up.

STERLING SILVER SPOONS, \$2.50 up.

Ladies' and Men's Gold Filled and Solid Gold Watches, perfect time keepers, \$7.25 up.

Unique Designs in Scarf Pins, with precious Stones, \$1.50 up.

J. D. SALLADE'S, JEWELER AND OPTICIAN, 16 EAST MAIN ST., NORRISTOWN, PA.

Opposite Public Square. Open Every Evening until after the holidays.

Brownback's Special Announcement!

A General Reduction in all heavy WINTER WEAR and materials, including All-wool B-d Blankets, Comfortables, Ladies' and Gents' Fleeced Underwear, Hosiery, etc.

Fancy Patterns of Flannellettes, reduced from 12½ to 10c per yd.

Still have a few All-wool Horse Blankets and Plush Robes; will be greatly reduced. Now for bargains.

A good time now to buy your Mauds and Gingham. Will be higher.

Have in stock a full line of Regal Ware, Heavy Steel, White Enamel on inside, no rusting or coloring of contents. Everything needed in the kitchen or for cooking utensils in this line.

Enterprise Meat Choppers and Lard Presses in stock.

For the poultry yard we have Crushed Oyster Shells, Poultry Powder, &c.

Our Grocery Department is supplied with Choice Dried Fruits and Canned Goods in variety.

Try a pound of our 20c Blended Coffee or some of our Fancy Table Syrup. You will want more.

Thanks for past favors. Goods delivered. Bell Phone, 5L.

E. G. Brownback, TRAPPE, PA.

Annual Clearing Sale Shoes!

At About One-Third Regular Price.

Broken lots, some did not sell well, others 2 or 3 pairs of a kind; some are discontinued and general cleaning up, and to make room:

Women's Kid Shoes, \$2.00 kind, \$1.45. " " " \$3.50 " " \$1.85. " " " \$1.50 " " \$1.15.

Children's Kid Shoes, Spring Heel, 6 to 8, 50 cents.

Men's Box Calf, Welt, \$2.50 kind, \$2.20. " Pat. Calf, " \$2.75 " \$2.35. " High Cut Shoes, \$3.00 " \$1.58. " Warm Lined Shoes, \$2.00 kind, \$1.75.

Main St. H. L. Nyce, Norristown.

YOU WILL MAKE NO MISTAKE

In making your purchases at FENTON'S STORE. Years of experience enables the proprietor to know just what to buy, how to buy, and how to sell the thousand and more articles kept in stock in a thoroughly equipped general store.

In DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, DRIED FRUITS, CANNED GOODS, or in any department of the b'g store on the corner you will find what you want at the right price.

Ready-made Pantaloons and Overalls, Overshoes, and Freed's Boots and Shoes are among the specialties.

Crockery and Glassware, Paints, Oil, Putty, Hardware.

Gents' Furnishing Goods in variety.

W. P. FENTON, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

DR. OBERHOLZER'S LINIMENT

CAMPFIRE MILK. Rheumatism, muscle sprains, muscular rheumatism, swellings, soreness, stiff joints, bruises, etc. Cures all pain that can be reached by an external application and does it better than any other remedy we know of. A penetrating, soothing, healing liniment. Large bottles, 25 cents. Sold by all dealers in medicine. 11-19-04.

The Old Reliable. Phenix will cure your cough. You can rely upon it. It gives quick relief, teals the sore lung surface, stimulates the secretions and loosens the cough. One or two doses will bring your restless sleep in place of racking cough—comfort in place of distress. Large relief. Little cost. Price 25 cents. Sold by all dealers in medicine. 11-19-04.



I.W. HARBER KENTUCKY WHISKEY. For Gentlemen who cherish quality.

For sale by : : : A. A. LANDIS.

Get Your Posters Printed at the Independent Office.

BRAINS properly trained for Business.

ARE IN DEMAND. Why not make yours earn more money? We can fit you, and place you when you are ready. Ask us, and we'll tell you all the particulars.

SCHISLER COLLEGE, NORRISTOWN, PA. THE BEST EQUIPPED. BUSINESS SCHOOL in Pennsylvania. A PERMANENT POSITION GUARANTEED TO EVERY GRADUATE.

FULL LINE NOW READY

New Styles, New Goods, New Prices. Men's New Suits in New Shades, \$6.50 to \$15.00. Men's New Fall Overcoats, \$5.00 to \$10.00.

Men's New Fall Hats, Black, New Golden Brown and Steel, \$1.00 to \$2.50. Men's Ties, Shirts, Gloves, Caps, Knit Jackets, and Underwear at Popular Prices.

I. P. WILLIAMS, ROYERSFORD, Main Street.

IMPERATIVE CLEARING SALE

As the public has already been informed, through the news columns of this paper, the ownership of this store is to pass into new control. The transfer will take place early in February, and it is the intention to have as little of present stock on hand as possible. Therefore all the ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats and Wraps, Ladies' Tailor-made Suits and Dress Skirts, all the elegant line of Fur Pieces, Children's Fur Sets, or Separate Collars and Muffs; French Flannel Waists, Black Chius Taffeta, and Beau de So's Silk Waists; Eldersdown Dressing Sacks, White Madras Shirt Waists; the stock of Fancy Baskets, consisting of Scrap, Sewing and Cloth Hampers,

Will be sold at 25 Per Cent. Less Than Regular Price.

By considering the low prices which have prevailed in this store, and deducting the great discount of one-fourth off, patrons will realize the full importance of this greatest bargain offering.

BRENDLINGERS

80 and 82 Main Street, 213 and 215 DeKalb St. NORRISTOWN PA.

For the BEST

BLUE FLAME OIL STOVES

For Guns and Amunition, Paints, Oils, Putty, Etc., GO TO

GEO. F. CLAMER,

DEALER IN ALL HARDWARE SUPPLIES, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

GRAND BARGAINS

IN HEAVY CLOTHING

Prices have been reduced to 20, 30 and 40 Per Cent.

In anything you want, whether it is a Stormcoat, a Raglan, Tourist Coat, Regular Overcoat, a Suit or Trousers.

Give us a call.

AT HERMAN WETZEL'S

66 and 68 E. Main St., Norristown, Pa.

Advertisement for The Atbertson Trust and Safe Deposit Co. featuring an illustration of a safe and text describing its services.

PERKINSON VALLEY Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Montgomery County.

Incorporated May 13, 1871. Insures Against Fire and Storm. INSURANCE IN FORCE, \$8,400,000.

Office of the Company: COLLEGEVILLE, PA. A. D. FETTEROLF, SECRETARY.

H. W. KRATZ, President, Norristown, Pa. Regular office day of the Secretary, Friday of each week; also every evening.

Livery, Sale and Boarding Stable

At Fry's Collegeville Hotel Stables, COLLEGEVILLE, PA. First-class teams furnished at all hours at reasonable rates. Parties will be accommodated with large coach. All kinds of hauling done. HENRY BOWER, Proprietor.

